But he had to give up *thai* idea of the Lady Macbeth picture all the same. I was the gainer, for he gave me the unfinished sketch, and it is certainly very heautiful.

By this sketch hangs a tale of Mr. Sargent's great-hearted-ness. When the details of my jubilee performance at Drury Lane were being arranged, the Committee decided to ask certain distinguished artists to contribute to the programme. They were all delightful about it, and such busy men as Sir Laurence ALma-Tadenia, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Byam Shaw, ^Ir. Walter Crane, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. James Pryde, Mr. Orpen, and Mr. William Nicholson all gave some of their work to me. Mr. Sargent was asked if he would allow the first Lady Macbeth study to be repro-duced. He found .that it would not reproduce well, so in the height of the season and of Ms work with fashionable sitters, he did an entirely new painting of the same subject, which *would* reproduce ! This act of kind friendship I could never forget even if the picture were not in front of me at this minute to remind me of it. " You must <u>think</u> of ine as o*ie of the people bowing down to you in the picture," he wrote to rne when he sent the new version for the pro-gramme. Nothing during my jubilee celebrations touched me more than this wonderful kindness of Mr. Sargent's.

Burne-Jones would have done something for my jubilee programme too, I think, had he lived. He was one of my kindest friends, and his letters—he was a heaven-born

letter-writter—were like no one else's ; full of charm and humour and feeling. Once when I was starting for a long tour in America he sent me a picture with this particularly charming letter:

"THE GRANGE,
"*July* 14, 1897.

" MY DEAR Miss TERRY,—

" I never have the courage to throw you a huge bouquet as I should like to—so in default I send you a little sign of my